

# BROTHER TARS.

## A New Song.

*Sung by Mr. Fawcett.*

**B**ROTHER tars, in my time, I've sung ma-  
ny a rhyme;  
But the song I now trouble you with  
Has some claim to applause, and you'll own it  
because—  
The subject's Sir Sydney Smith—It is.  
The subject's Sir Sydney Smith.

You all know Sir Sydney, a man of such kid-  
ney,  
He'd fight all the French he could meet.  
Give him one ship or two, and without more  
ado,  
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet—He  
would.  
He'd engage, &c.

Thus he took, as folks say, all that came in  
his way,  
Till fortune, a whimsical elf,  
Order'd accidents so,  
That in fighting the foe,  
Poor Sir Sydney was taken himself—He was.  
Sir Sydney was, &c.

The French were so glad of the prize they now  
had;  
They refus'd every offer we bid;  
And swore he should stay, lock'd up till doom-  
day,  
But he swore he'd be damn'd if he did—He did.  
He swore, &c.

If Sir Sydney was wrong, why then blackball  
my song;  
E'en our foes he would scorn to deceive.  
His escape was but just, and confess it you  
must,  
For it was only taking French leave—You  
know.  
It was only, &c.

The great Gallic chief, flush'd with fury and  
grief,  
Satisfaction most proudly requir'd.  
Says Sir Sydney, with all heart; so he gave  
Buonsapart  
Rather more than he wish'd or desir'd—

—○—  
*J. Dean, Printer, Congleton.*